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Mr. Clement Speaks

Under the fitting caption of "Slimy Politics" Percival W. Clement in a signed article in the Rutland Herald protests against the tactics adopted by the Darling forces, particularly as they relate to a story which he brands as absolutely false that he wants to be governor, so as to pardon a man accused of crime. He says "If elected governor I shall endeavor to fulfill the duties and exercise the prerogatives of that office, faithfully, impartially, without fear or favor, and so that the state may have a clean, businesslike and honest and honorable administration."

Of the methods of the campaign, especially as they relate to Candidate Howe, Mr. Clement says: "It would be difficult for The Herald or any reputable newspaper to characterize adequately the type of politics which has crept into the canvass for the governorship within the past week or 10 days.

Without daring to identify themselves with their propaganda, certain individuals have industriously circulated reports calculated to stab by innuendo where they do not dare to fight in the open.

"Apparently the forces which Judge Darling has assembled about him stop at nothing—from attacking a candidate who is helpless on a bed of illness to employing the tactics of the Thug in ambush."

The contest has now become one between Frank E. Howe of Bennington and Percival W. Clement of Rutland with a clear-cut issue between them and the chances favoring the success next Tuesday of the Bennington man.

Examiner F. C. Williams Reports.

Frank C. Williams of Newport, bank commissioner, whose duty it is under the law to make periodic examinations of the accounts of the state auditor, has given out what he will say in relation to the Graham matter in his annual report to the next legislature. It is briefly summarized as follows:

The practice in the auditor's office for a long time has been to advance money to state officers with which to pay salaries of clerks and expenses of their departments. These advances have been carried on the books as charges to which credits were later made when the account was adjusted and vouchers to cover turned in. Frequently these accounts have been unadjusted at the time of examination, so it was impossible to determine the exact status. This same practice obtained in the accounts of the auditor himself and his office under Mr. Graham's incumbency. He paid the expenses of his department with his own checks and drew money in advance on his orders as auditor to be used for that purpose, so that there was a balance against him a good deal of the time during his term of office.

Mr. Williams made no examination of the auditor's books in 1917 on account of infantile paralysis which he contracted in 1912. In 1918, his regular examination revealed that since 1916, Mr. Graham, before quitting the office had drawn orders to the amount of \$2,181.50 for which there were no vouchers, and there was a total unvouchered balance against him of \$5,575.41. He called the attention of present Auditor Gates to it, who stated that he had been over the books and felt sure that was all that had not been vouchered. Mr. Williams also called the attention of the governor to it and he said it would be adjusted immediately. Mr. Williams concluded to make a more minute examination, with assistance, which extended over several weeks. He found orders amounting to \$20,980.48 for which there were no credit vouchers. These orders began in 1902, when Mr. Graham took the office. The files of these early orders appear to be missing. Of the deficit, Mr. Williams says \$6,500 appeared to have been incurred during the term of his predecessor as examiner, the balance during his own term.

Later, Auditor Gates discovered a number of unvouchered orders that Mr. Williams had missed. The examiner notified the state treasurer and on April 24th the attorney-general. May 2d he notified the latter official that the amount was much larger than at first reported. The attorney-general has called for an itemized list of the unvouchered orders and Mr. Williams is having such a list made.

Vouchers for \$8,017.75 in the highway department presented by Auditor Graham as receipts for money paid out by him are now missing from the files. Balances against the auditor were not brought forward or red inked, with two or three exceptions.

Mr. Williams discusses the system of auditing and examination and makes recommendations. He complains of overwork and shortage of clerical assistance in his department.

He is not sure that he has determined the amount or the extent of Auditor Graham's overdrafts. He says that he is "compelled to disagree with the recent published statement of Governor Graham as to the facts as shown by the auditor's books."

PRESS COMMENT

The Fourth Liberty Loan

The success of the Fourth Liberty loan campaign which will be a whirlwind drive, is assured in advance in Vermont, which has both by nature and acquirement the habit of going over the top in all war-winning movements. But that success is doubly assured in view of the fact that E. R. Morse, of Rutland, has been secured as manager of the campaign. Morse is a sort of Foch in Vermont. He has practical and organizing faculties highly developed and when forces under his direction get the word of advance they know that the attainment of the objectives is a foregone conclusion.—Rutland News.

Buy Your Coal and Then Save It—Notwithstanding the highly reassuring reports from the anthracite coal operators, the fuel administration insists that there will not be enough of this sort of fuel to meet the needs of New England. Even the strictest economy is not to prevent suffering, if one takes the statements of the fuel administrator literally. There is but one thing to do and that is to secure all the coal the government will allow a consumer and not use a pound of it until the temperature the coming fall goes low enough to endanger health.

Well Placed

The Burlington Free Press puts a Darling Campaign Club meeting item in the obituary column. Exactly right.—Burlington Clipper.

Just What Gen. Grant Said

Admiral von Hintze, the Foreign Minister of Germany, complains that ever been made by the Allies. He no reasonable peace proposal has been grossly in error. The Allies long ago made and have ever since kept standing a peace offer that is eminently reasonable and practical. It consists of two words: Unconditional surrender.—North American Review War Weekly.

Graham the Goat.

The alleged shortage of Governor Graham, while state auditor, is of deeper significance than at first appeared on the surface. It is not technically a shortage but an overdraft of his personal account. It has been going on since 1902 when the overdraft was \$500. Bank Commissioner Williams states his first examination of the auditor's office was made in 1916 and that then there was an overdraft of over three thousand dollars.

Where were you about that time, Mr. Williams?

Why was not the matter corrected then?

What was your duty?

Why was not the matter reported to the proper officials?

Then Mr. Williams said that no examination was made in 1917 on account of infantile paralysis.

Sombody has got to answer to the people why the overdrafts were continued to run from 1902 to 1918—a period of 16 years—without being reported and corrected.

What was the matter with the bank examiner in 1902, 1903, 1904 and all the years following right up to 1918?

Why were the overdrafts continued so many years?

The blame need not all be put up to Governor Graham—some one else down at Montpelier must have had a finger in the pie.

Graham can do the state a distinct service to make public all the facts.

But there is another phase of responsibility which it rests with the committee on claims of the house and senate. Section 896 of the General Statutes reads as follows:

The report of said auditor shall be examined by the committee on Claims of the general assembly in order to correct allowances which appear excessive; and said committee shall examine his record of claims presented against the state and his proceedings thereon and may examine the vouchers, files and papers of his office connected therewith. Such committee on claims shall report to the general assembly and its meetings shall be public.

Let the question be asked, "Where was the committee on claims during all those 16 years?" They must have been a lot of mutton-heads. The auditor made his reports regularly to the legislature and, according to law, the committee on claims should have examined the same. If that duty was faithfully performed the overdrafts would have been discovered.

There were some important members on that committee and before they express their censure of Governor Graham they had better make explanation of their own dereliction of duty.

The whole affair is regrettable but all the blame need not be attached to Governor Graham. Others are responsible, as well, and a complete show down should be made.

Will all the facts be made public or will the State House Governor clear his own skirts, make Governor Graham the "goat?"—Burlington Clipper.

How It Goes.

There are some things that just can't be done until the man comes along who just does them anyhow—and then most anybody can do them.

Howe's War Sentiments

"No one charges Frank Howe with being disloyal," says the paper, which prepared a three-column article for the Burlington papers trying to show that he was.

Still Darling workers are going through the state insidiously spreading the idea that Frank Howe's war sentiments are not 100% loyal. A blood relative of the Burlington candidate entered business places in Orleans county last week making such statements as would lead his hearers to believe that Frank Howe was pro-German—his only argument against Howe and his only argument for his relative-candidate.

That kind of politics is beneath any man worthy of becoming governor of this state. Frank Howe is no more disloyal than Judge Darling. Before the United States declared war on Germany—when the country was neutral—Mr. Howe's fight along with other papers and with thousands of Americans, was opposed to our entry into the war (Wilson was re-elected on a "you have kept us out of the war" sentiment) and made quite emphatic statements about the question.

Frank Howe expressed sentiments in his independent way at the time. So did every red-blooded American. Many a man confesses now that his early statements led his wife to say, "I believe you are pro-German."

Let the Darling insinuations bring forth some unrepentant statement of action of Frank Howe since we entered the war. Why did Smith in his "York of scanning old Banners, pick and choose articles only up to February 24, 1915, and omit the original heads on them and substitute his own misleading headings?"

And Howe sent a son to the war. On the point in question the Burlington Clipper says:

Now, take the Judge at his own standard. Several years ago Judge Darling was an advocate of local option. Now he is for national prohibition. Can it be said that he is now a "rummy" simply because he was a local option man several years ago? Certainly not. Times have changed.

While the attack against Frank Howe's Americanism was prepared by another, the seat of authority can be no other than Judge Darling. Such a warped mind is not fit to be governor. It smacks too much of using patriotism to foster one's own political ambition. "Round-Out-My-Career" Darling has forfeited all respect of decent people and has shown a polluted judgment that transcends all decency.

The Burlington News, a newspaper in which Darling owns an interest and which also strangely made a thorough canvass for subscribers in Vermont at a time when its advocacy of Darling might help, and which paper also strangely continues to mail copies to subscribers whose subscriptions have expired and whose understanding was that it was to stop when the time was up, recently stated that an "offensive" had been started against Frank Howe. As someone has aptly said, the word "offensive" has more than one meaning. The Darling offensive against Howe is the same. Darling relative states that he had rather have a man like Clement governor than Howe. Well, that shows where Darling stands on some questions better than anything else could. It is apparently Darling and Clement against Howe.

—Barton Monitor.

Heard on the Street.

That every bit of food supply you buy from near home sources releases freight car space to carry food supplies to the soldiers.

That a man who is seen going into a butcher's shop nowadays lays himself under suspicion of ability to pay a good-sized income tax.

That from present indications Kaiser Bill and his six sons would better move back a safe distance from the trench line.

That the politicians are now figuring whose "turn" it is, but the people are concluding that it is their "turn" to have a little to say about it.

That according to the German reports, when they advance they drive us back, but when they retire, they do so voluntarily.

That the politicians are looking around to see which of the gang the offices belong to. Meanwhile the people continue submissively to pay the salaries.

That the people who have spent the summer sitting on shady piazzas have paid mighty high prices for vegetables.

That the Russian people begin to show signs of waking up the morning after the night before.

That those who say we can't put an army of 5,000,000 in the field will be the same ones who will kick hardest if the war drags on three or four years.

That the people who think that play grounds are not necessary for children, are frequently the same ones who will never permit their son to hit a baseball onto their land.

That the speeding motorists who are anxious to squeeze down their running time to five minutes more, are usually the ones who spend about five weeks in the hospital.

That the Germans only get one fifth as much nutrition as in peace time, when judging by their round shape they probably had twice too much.—White River Junction Landmark.

Trees Grew Once in Icy North.

Lofty trees once inhabited Greenland and nearly all of the inhospitable northern lands. Trees of the same sorts as are growing today are found as fossil remains in countries where the climate is now so harsh that scarcely any tree will grow even a few inches high.

VOLUNTEER RESERVES

By KATHERINE THAYER HODGES

Written for the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee of New England.

That Dorothy's spirits were not up to concert pitch was plainly evident as she picked her way in the late afternoon through the crowded city streets.

"It is not a question of 'To be or not to be' a Liberty Bond-holder, as Mr. Young said, she declared with a toss of her pretty head, 'The question is about it. I cannot buy even a fifty-dollar Liberty Bond, and that ends it.'"

The innocent but disturbing element which was responsible for this outburst was a little pasteboard box which Dorothy's employer had handed to her only a few minutes before, with the result that conscience was fairly beating a tattoo on her heart-strings. She really wanted to do something to help the boys "over there," but how could she? she argued.

Every time she heard the aggressive yell of a new blue serge suit as it swung in the silk bag on her arm, she thought of an old but dainty white silk stocking tucked away back in her bureau drawer with three crisp ten-dollar bills in its toe.

When two years before Dorothy had been a swivel chair in a large office, it seemed as if she had reached the pinnacle of success as a business woman, but she soon found that eighteen dollars a week did not go very far. Indeed, for months the height of her ambition had been to save enough money for a new blue serge suit, and she thought of it every time her eye caught sight of the bright new ring on her finger—blue would look so nice beside Ray's khaki. She had pinched and squeezed every dime until the eagle fairly squeaked—and now the goal was near—she couldn't give it up! No, anything but that!

"Extra! Extra! American Army in Great Smash! Extra!" cried the newshybs up and down the street.

Dorothy shuddered as the words were vividly visualized and she saw the battlefields of France our before her. How could they nobly bear their part in the terrible conflict, were it not for the remembrance of the beloved home land—their confidence that all loyal Americans are with them in saving and giving which will win the war.

"I might just as well face this thing first as last, for it begins to look as if it really were a question," the girl declared aloud, as, reaching her room, she threw her hat and gloves onto the table and stepped into a chair by the open window. "Dorothy, Dorothy, are you a slacker, or are you not?" was her indignant demand.

Instantly the rockers of the little wicker chair squeaked, "You are! You are! You are!"

"You saucy thing!" laughed Dorothy, "but I'm afraid you're speaking the truth," she admitted ruefully. She reached for her bag, drew out the little pasteboard box, and turned it over slowly. "Red, white and blue," she murmured softly, "The colors of our beloved country—somehow they mean more to me than ever before."

Then the words "Woman's Liberty Loan Committee of New England," caught her eye. Surely women were coming into their own in this work, she thought. Though they may not go into the trenches and fight, they can work and save and give as well as men.

For a few moments Dorothy sat very still, looking out over the tops of the buildings with their smoking chimneys, past the tall elm trees on Boston Common, until her eyes rested on the golden dome of the Capitol on Beacon Hill. To her advantage, she thought it was as a tower of strength, reflecting the principles of pure democracy and liberty for which our government stands.

Suddenly she started from her chair, and a look of dismay crossed the pretty face.

"Sacrifice!" she exclaimed, "What have I been thinking about! Of course it isn't a sacrifice to wear our old clothes; it's just a great and glorious opportunity to do our bit. Why, I'd be ashamed to look Ray in the face if he saw me in my old dress!"

Fifty dollars seemed a good deal, but the thirty I have will be a good start toward it, and the rest will be only a trifle at a time. Glancing once more at the little box, she began to hum the lines that met her eye.

"First a nickel, then a dime, Save the pennies every time!"

Dorothy stopped suddenly as a new thought came to her. "Why, it isn't actually giving the money after all," she said to herself, "it's just letting Uncle Sam have the use of what we save, and it's not really giving it away."

Like all really good things, it works both ways, and after the war is over I can have two suits from what I save. And maybe, yes maybe," she added, "the furnishing of a home for two. That can be my 'bit' while Ray is doing his in France—and now for a look at the old clothes!"

"Tap, tap," sounded on Dorothy's door a few minutes later, and her chum Marion from the next floor, armed with her knitting and a box of fudge, came in and flounced down in the little wicker chair.

"What in the world are you doing with all those clothes, Dot? Not packing for home yet, are you?"

Dorothy laughed gaily. "No, oh no; just 'taking stock,' as you saleswomen call it. You see I'm getting very businesslike."

"Altogether too much so for my limited understanding," retorted her friend. "Come, what's it all about, Dorothy?"

But that perverse little lady was in no hurry to satisfy her friend's curiosity. "For once in my life," she teased, "I'm going to be in the height of the style—fashionable to an extreme. I've joined the Reserve Regiment of Volunteer Clothing Savers."

Behold the badge of honor! and Dorothy waved her hands dramatically toward the array of worn but fairly presentable suits and dresses on her bed, and laughed heartily at Marion's mystified look.

"This regiment is perfectly great," she went on, "and I'm going to be a mighty popular one, for every woman who joins it must qualify by the wearing of her last year and the year before."

for's clothes;—performing a perfectly heroic deed of bravery! The only drawback is that their uniforms of made-over will be undecorated with stripes or medals, and Pershing will never review this branch of his reserves. But we'll march with the boys to victory just the same," she concluded earnestly.

For a few moments neither of the girls spoke, then Dorothy went on, speaking very low. "You know, Marion, we wake up at last to the realization that I'm an American woman, and I'm going to be one in the true sense of the term. This is my government, and its problems are my problems, too. Even if I am just a little wee part of it, I cannot shirk that part. The least I can do is to make over my old clothes, and lend Uncle Sam all I can save."

Marion smiled ruefully. "And stop eating fudge," she interrupted.

But Dorothy hurried on. "Mother always said it was an art to make over old clothes, and I think it is a good thing to have it revived and made fashionable. Why I was reading only yesterday that one of the highest salaried women in the country actually takes pride in saying that she has not had a new dress in three years."

"Probably she had more to make over than most of us," argued Marion, and she reached for another piece of fudge.

Dorothy smiled, "Most of us have enough to get along with if we have the real spirit of patriotism back of us. Here I've been making myself think that I could not get along without a new suit this fall, but just see what I'm going to do," she explained eagerly. "This white serge circular skirt is perfectly good, but it's so wide I haven't worn it for ages; by having it dyed blue to match this one-piece serge dress, and making it into a military cape, I'll have a suit after all, and the cape can be worn with any dress. This black and white striped plaited skirt is badly worn and soiled around the hem, but it will clean beautifully and will be just the thing for a lining."

Marion gasped, partly in admiration, but half incredulously. "The idea is perfectly splendid," she admitted, "but frankly, Dot, the dress looks to me impossible, almost—if you'll pardon me—a relic of mediaeval times."

"I'll acknowledge," answered Dorothy with a gay laugh, "that the blue serge is a dress with a past, but also one with countless possibilities. The skirt is wide enough to make a narrow foundation skirt, but as the new models are much shorter the extra lengths will make a straight apron tunic for the front and back, reaching to the shoulders, and I'll finish the sides and across the bottom with a four inch band of black satin cut from the old coat mother left when she was here. With the neck pointed in front, and a large collar evolved from this white crepe de chine waist, which has been a candidate for the scrap-heap for some time, I'll wager no one will ever dream of its past career of usefulness and activity. Of course," she added quickly, as she saw that Marion was not quite convinced, "the serge will be turned, for—see—it is like new on the wrong side."

Dorothy stopped for breath, and her companion laughed. "Where did you get your clever ideas, Dot? You are a wonder!"

Dorothy's face flushed with pleasure. "I'm not the least bit of a wonder," she denied modestly; "in fact, I'm quite ashamed I didn't see all these possibilities before, for I'm truly grateful for an old-fashioned mother who helped me develop some practical ideas."

"This dress, too," the girl continued eagerly, as she shook out a dark gray satin skirt with chiffon tunic, "seemed almost too narrow and worn to do anything with, as it has done me good service for two years now, but I can get a lovely long scarf out of it, lined with the chiffon and with two strips of marabout from this old neckpiece across the ends. Out of what is left I'll make a hat with a satin crown and chiffon brim, and with no expense but the cost of the frame. Behold me fully equipped, mademoiselle, and all my own handiwork!"

"But when are you going to do all this work?" Marion's tone was slightly skeptical. "You are a busy stenographer, and you know how little energy one has left for scheming and sewing after a long, hard day at the office."

"You remember I'm to have two weeks' vacation," said Dorothy. "Instead of spending a week at the beach, as I had planned, that money will go into my Liberty Loan box and I'll spend all the time at home on the farm and do my sewing while I'm visiting with mother."

When the Liberty Loan thing-box was opened two months later, Dorothy found she had saved almost enough money to finish paying for the fifty-dollar bond, started with the thirty dollars from the old stocking too and the twelve dollars that a week at the beach would have cost.

"What is more," she confided to Marion, "now that I've found I can save, 'First a nickel, then a dime,' if I make up my mind to do it, I'm taking another bond on the dollar down and dollar a week plan, to go with the one father gave me as a nest-egg toward the home Raymond and I hope to have when the war is over."

"I haven't that to look forward to," said Marion soberly, "and I'm not clever enough to make over things, but no more nickels or dimes are going to slip through my fingers for sodas and movies until I've saved at least a dollar a week out of my salary for a Liberty Bond. Here's my hand on it!"

"Oh, Ray! I'm so thankful I waked up in time to have a part in this Liberty Loan drive," Dorothy said to her khaki-clad sister as they walked through the park the night before he sailed for France. "I realize as I never did before what a wonderful privilege it is to be an American woman in these days of worldwide sorrow. We must make sacrifices," and she looked at him fondly, "but out of these trials will come sunshine and happiness for all the world!"

The man in khaki looked at the girl at his side, dressed for the first time in the "uniform" of the Reserve Regiment of Volunteer Clothing Savers and with the light of love and patriotism in her eyes. Never had she looked so beautiful to him, and he answered softly, "Yes, Dot, it is a wonderful thing to be an American woman, but to me the most glorious of all is that you are the loyal sweetheart of an American soldier."

CONCORD

Schools in town opened Monday with the following as teachers: Judvine Memorial school, primary, Louise M. Chapman; intermediate, Mrs. W. D. Chaplin; Concord Junior High, principal, Leslie Merriam; assistant, Miss Little of Portland, Me.; domestic science, Miss Marcia Stuart of Fairfax; Concord Corner, Miss Lucia Thompson of Bradford; Brook school, Miss Edith Butler of Moretown; North Concord, Mrs. Gene Bedell of Texas; Miss Vera Streeter, substitute, East Concord, Miss Lois M. Hawkins, Miles Pond; Miss Mary Ranney, Castle, Miss Genevieve Sargent. Schools at Four Corners, Kellogg and Royalston Corner are discontinued.

Mrs. Maude A. May of St. Johnsbury spent Monday with her mother, Mrs. C. L. Stacy.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wallace and Mrs. Guy Howard of Barre came to the home of C. F. Cutting, Saturday. Mason Howard, who has spent two weeks at the Cutting home, returned with his mother to Barre, Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace remained for a visit.

Stock Yards Company, Jersey City, New Jersey.

Says: We use RAT-SNAP about our plant for the extermination of rats with marked success. It is a wonderful preparation. It did beyond question all you claimed it would do—killing the rodents, driving them from their haunts, and eliminating odors arising from their death. We cheerfully endorse its use in places infested with vermin. Four sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$3.00. Sold by Charles A. Seales & Co., and Arthur E. Smith, St. Johnsbury, Vt. J. H. Goodrich, Barre, Vt.

Somebody Must Have Told Him. Jay McCord of exemption board No. 3 finds the young negroes of the district an inexhaustible source of delight. "They refer," he says, "quite rightly to their 'conservation papers.' One of them, whose patriotism was of the right kind, returned his questionnaire the other day. 'Well, George, do you waive exemption? I asked him, 'Oh, yassah, boss, yassah. Ah'll wave anything. Jos' give me a flag—a United States flag, if you got one—an' Ah'll show you whether Ah kin wave it.'"

Another, says Mr. McCord, wrote in his questionnaire that his allowance to his wife was \$100 a month. "That's fair enough," I said, "Let's see—how much do you make?"

"Ten dollahs a week, boss. Ah's a porter."

"Ten dollahs a week, eh? Then you shoot craps."

The darkey's eyes bulged with surprise. "Huccum yo' know dat, boss," he gasped; "who done tol' you? Ah shoot craps?"—Chicago Tribune.

All France at War.

"If you want to see a whole nation in arms, go to France," says a hearty, good-looking United States soldier boy just back from the war front, and now in a hospital. "It's not just in the cities. It's in the little country towns. I've seen old women at work in the fields, women so feeble that they had to walk with a cane when they weren't working. I've seen an old French mother wheeling fertilizer up to the top of the hill. She had to do the work because her men folk were in the trenches. After every trip up hill she came tottered down, and you might have thought she couldn't wheel another load. She did, though. I tell you, the spirit of those French people is the wonder of this war."

Caledonian Want Ads Pay

DUTCH BOY LIQUID LEAD

Paint Now with this convenient all-lead paint

The newest form of the oldest paint—made of pure white-lead, ready for the painter's brush. Gives a weather-proof, elastic coat which wears down slowly and evenly—no dangerous or costly burning off necessary when a new coat is applied.

Dutch Boy Flat Wall Paint is convenient, ready-mixed white-lead for interior walls. The painter using this material produces a soft, dull-finished surface, which washes like porcelain. Easily tinted any color you want.

Manufactured by NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

Stafford & Stevens, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Thrift Is Power

Japan's ambition to be a world power called forth an imperial edict telling the people to save.

In three years, since 1912, the number of Japanese with accounts in savings banks has increased to 20,655,830, one-half the whole population.

In the United States today, only 19 out of every hundred persons have savings accounts.

Saving is a duty you owe your country as well as yourself.

One Dollar Starts an Account!

Citizens Savings Bank and Trust Co.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.